

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, June 9, 1804.

[No. 88]

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

(Continued from page 274.)

CHAPTER IV.

Female Correspondence—More Weddings—
The generous Lover—and the Father's Injunction.

ELIZA was received by her father and friends with sincere joy; and within two months after her return, she had the pleasure to attend her friend Emma to the altar; a pleasure not un-mixed with pain, as it was necessary for Herbert to reside some time in London for improvement; and his family then were anxious to see him and his newly made bride; and the separation was most unpleasant to the constant friends. Of the transactions of the subsequent three years, the following letters give a circumstantial detail.

Mrs. Herbert to Miss Franklin.

"London, September, 1793.

"My dear Eliza,

"You express such ludicrous concern that I have not yet called upon you to fulfil your promise of standing sponsor to my first babe, that I cannot but join in the mirth against myself: though, indeed, were I to enter into every particular of my situation, you would agree

with me, that I have no reason to wish for such an event. During the eighteen months of my marriage with my dear Herbert, I have had no cause to repent the early choice of my heart; but our want of an eligible establishment must in some degree exclude our desire of augmenting inconveniences, which a little time will, I trust, remove, as Percival has now every prospect of success in his profession. His family, with whom I am now residing, are kind, very kind, to me; but they are parsimonious to a degree, and totally dissimilar in disposition from my husband. Theodore is now in town; he visits me often, and I feel a very warm friendship for his amiable wife. She has a great deal of animation, and in her manner is not unlike Harriet; though the exuberance of her vivacity is more under the control of her judgment. She speaks with enthusiasm of her brother: I have endeavored frequently to draw her into conversation about Warren's rural charmer, but she generally evades the subject with address; and my brother tells me that he believes they are not very warmly attached, which has been the occasion of some little disagreement between his wife and Warren; so that it is impossible for me to give you much satisfactory intelligence concerning this important matter. Indeed, Eliza, with all your assumed gaiety, it is easy to distinguish that your mind is not at ease. Why will you encourage this unhappy

partiality? Believe me I do not wish to wound your pride, when I say it is obvious Warren thinks of you only as a friend; why, then, should you give way to a weakness so destructive to your peace and the happiness of your friends? At Merlin's, the other morning, I met Lady Torpid: she distinguished me with great cordiality, and has insisted on our renewing our former intimacy. Her person, I am sorry to say, is strangely altered: she looks emaciated and languid; and the brilliant tints of nature, which once adorned her, have given place to the more dazzling show of rouge and pearl powder. She was accompanied by a colonel Midgely; and I felt some degree of pain at the degree of familiarity with which they treated each other. He frequently addressed her ladyship with the appellation of his "Charming Angel!" which she as repeatedly retorted with "Provoking Devil!" Really, Eliza, the levity of her manners seems increased. I enquired for Sir Tancred. "The stupid hound! he is drawling about his dressing-room," was the answer. She desired me to tell you, that she has not forgotten you, but positively has no time to write. In truth, her Ladyship seems quite a votary of dissipation. Pray heaven she may not prove its martyr; for the indolence of her husband leaves her uncontrollable liberty to indulge her natural love of gaiety. This is an unconscionable long letter from a matron; it is enough for boarding-

school girls to write sheets of nonsense. My brother Theodore begs his kind remembrance to you; and his lady, with much grace, bids me express her wish for our future acquaintance. Adieu.—Dear Eliza, yours ever,

Emma Herbert."

Lady Torpid to Miss Franklin.

"London, January, 1793.

"Yes, my dear friend, that I have erred I will confess; and now that my danger is over, like others, I can moralize. Your superior prudence and judgment never excited my envy; and though too volatile to profit by your admonitions, believe me I ever respected your principles. You know that my union with Sir Tancred was not a matter of affection; neither are you, perhaps, aware that, after marriage, I felt that sentiment in its full force, and expected it returned with ardor. How, then, was I disappointed by the apathy with which Torpid seemed to regard me after a few weeks! The heart of women is calculated for domestic endearment, unless early warped by depravity, which I trust was not the case with mine. Piqued, irritated, I determined to rouse him from his inattention; and though the means I took were unjustifiable, they answered the intended purpose. Sir Tancred has awaked from his lethargy. He loves me as I would wish him to love me; but the trial had nearly cost me a dear sacrifice. To the exertions and friendly interference of Mr. Warren do I owe my present happiness. The Colonel, though the most plausible, insinuating of his sex, would have stood little chance when put in competition with Sir Tancred: but he is a man of intrigue, and would not have scrupled to lead me to the commission of impropriety, of which the appearance only was too destructive to my fame. Enraged by the apprehension of my infidelity, Torpid insisted on a separation; and for some weeks I was the most wretched of women. Sir Tancred would not hear my vindication; and what embittered my sufferings the more, was my finding his pride was not so deeply wounded as his affections. It was then I felt deeply my own imprudence; and, in the anguish of my mind, wrote to Warren. He hastened to town, and for some time vainly attempted to dissuade Sir Tancred from his cruel intention.

His rhetoric and my tears prevailed, Torpid was convinced of my innocence, and rectitude of intention: and his entire confidence seems restored. The Colonel, much to my satisfaction, quitted town, to avoid any further investigation; and the exertion has been so beneficial to Sir Tancred, that he is quite a new being; and to complete the happy reconciliation, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is likely soon to become a father; an event which I doubt not will confirm me in my prudent resolves. I must not omit some further intelligence, which I much fear will not afford you so great satisfaction as the preceding. Warren was last week married to his rural belle, to whom I was formerly introduced. She seems to me the most insipid piece of still life I ever beheld: and as she appears to be excessively attached to him, I should suppose he will never be in the same danger as poor Sir Tancred has been threatened with. Warren has taken his bride to his living in Somersetshire, where he intends to keep her quite secluded. He is much altered, looks very pale; and though more gay than usual, I cannot but think his cheerfulness forced. I think you liked him once, Eliza; but I suppose my next letter may be directed to Mrs. Howard. How is that dear, quiet soul? I think he should have been matched to Mrs. Warren; they would have made excellent parlor furniture. Excuse my railery; I mean not to offend; my gaiety now proceeds not from the lightness of the head, but the cheerfulness of the heart; for I am truly your very affectionate and happy friend.

H. Torpid."

Rev. H. Warren to Sir Tancred Torpid.

February, 1793.

"I congratulate you, my friend, on your return to society; and firmly hope you will persevere in your laudible intention, of becoming both an useful and ornamental member, while I cannot sufficiently admire the address and spirit with which Lady Torpid has brought about such a wonderful change. Though I once trembled for her happiness and your honor; that secured, I can be gay on the subject; and now, Sir Tancred, be persuaded that becoming attention, affectionate respect, is the most certain way to keep a wife true.

I do not attempt to vindicate the lady; but I make every allowance for her personal advantages, education, and early habits. You raised her to rank and affluence: her head, already giddy with variety, could scarcely bear the exaltation; and she would have tottered on the brink of ruin, without consciousness of danger, till one hasty step had plunged her into the abyss of destruction. Your timely exertion has saved her; and henceforward, my friend, let not your vigilance sleep. Gratitude and affection on her side add weight to your influence as a husband; and with these advantages, what happiness may not be yours! I am unavoidably obliged to decline your kind invitation. Mrs. Warren suffers under a weak state of health; her constitution is not less delicate than her form; and the weakness of her nerves is excessive. The tumult of London would destroy her: nor can I leave her in this state, even to witness your happy re-union. That it may be permanent is the most fervent wish of your faithful friend,

Henry Warren.

"I would advise you to cultivate the intimacy between your lady and Miss Franklin. She is a girl of excellent understanding, and possessed of the most amiable disposition; her society cannot but improve any of her sex; and had I not previously known the dear angel to whom I am united, I think Eliza Franklin would have been the arbitress of my destiny. My Louisa is impatient to be introduced to her; but it is an event I cannot immediately bring about. Upon the whole, I think we had better leave it to time and chance: we are but indifferent managers for ourselves here. Remember me to your lady.

H. W."

(To be continued.)

Natural History.

WE have found, (says a Bordeaux paper, of the 10th of April) in the Italian Journal, entitled *Gazetta Nazionale della Liguria*, the following articles, which we translate from that paper. Doctor Earadori, of Prato, in Tuscany, has seen two extremely rare phenomena, from which the ancients would not

have failed to draw favorable or unfavorable auguries. The recital is inserted in the *Annales de chemie et d'histoire naturelle*, by Brugatelli. The first singularity is a mouse suckled by a cat—the second is a serpent with two heads.

In a farm, at a little distance from Prato, belonging to Signor Martini, a nest of mice was found, which were carried home to a cat that had recently kitted, and was suckling her young.—The mice was instantly devoured, excepting one which the cat kept with her little ones, and by which she suffered herself to be sucked, with an appearance of particular affection. Of this, the people on the farm, as well as their neighbors, affirm they were eye-witnesses. And one cannot suspect their testimony, since to be certain of the fact it was only necessary to see it, and as the witnesses could have no interest in asserting a falsehood.

They have further assured me that the little mouse, doubtless by an instinct proper to its nature, though caressed by the cat, often withdrew and sought to conceal itself; but the cat run after, and immediately brought it back to the nest where the kittens lay. It happened one night that the cat was shut out, and the mouse having remained long without nourishment, was found dead by the side of the kittens. From this fact one might perhaps infer, that it was not necessary to regard as impossible, or as fabulous what has been told of many infants suckled by brute animals, and what is related respecting the ancients with so much assurance.

As to the serpent with two heads, says doctor Carrabara, I have seen and examined it alive. It was young and lively: it is since dead, and has been preserved in alcohol: it had two heads and two necks, and two throats. It ate by both mouths; but as the animal had also two wills, the functions of one head appeared independent on those of the other, and after the one was moved by a different will from that which influenced the other. Who knows, adds, the doctor, but the fable of the hydra with seven heads has derived its origin from the sight of a similar phenomenon. The natural propensity which men have for the marvellous, make them always exaggerate whatever they have seen that is rare and extraordinary; this is the source, for the most part, of the prodigies of fable.

MANNER OF GIVING THE BASTINADO IN EGYPT.

[From *Antes' Account of Egypt.*]

THERE are two methods of giving the bastinado among the Mamelucks in Egypt, which I will endeavor to describe; both are grating to tender feelings: but ladies need not to be too much frightened at the narrative, as their sex is totally exempted from such treatment, as well amongst the Turks as Mamelucks.

The one is given upon the soles of the feet, which the so-called corbage, which instrument I have described in my dissertation on the Nile, page 155. Each of the men, who has hold of the stick which the chain, by means of which the feet are held up, so as to be horizontal, has one of them, with it they beat alternately, like two thrashers, at the command of their masters. The operation is called receiving, sometimes eating the corbage.

The other method is, to beat a man across his back, chiefly the small part of it, except when they are mercifully inclined; in that case they lay on a little lower. This is done with a stick about six feet long, and about an inch or three-fourths of an inch thick; the man is thrown flat upon his belly, and held down by his arms and legs by servants. As those who are ordered to do it usually use all their strength, no man can easily bear more than between thirty and forty strokes: it too often hurts the spine. More strokes than the above are likewise seldom given, except they mean to beat a man to death, which sometimes is the case. This operation is called receiving, or vulgarly, eating the nabute, which signifies a stick. Bad as it is, it is looked upon as the genteel bastinado; and any man in a superior station would think himself highly insulted by receiving the corbage, but from the nabute, no Officers, Cashefs, or Governors of districts, and in some cases not even Boys are exempted. No one thinks himself dishonored by it, nor does this or the corbage leave any stain upon a person's character; they talk freely, yea even sometimes boast of it in conversation. During my abode in Cairo, the second Police Master, a man of considerable consequence, received it

by the order of Ali Bey, for insulting a Venetian merchant, whom the latter esteemed; and some time afterwards, Murant Bey ordered it to one of his Cashefs, who not six weeks after that, was made Bey by the former's own recommendation. This new created Bey was for ever after, for distinction sake from others of the name of Osman, which they pronounce rather Osmawn, called Osman Bey Abu Nabut, i. e. Father of the Stick; and he commonly signed his name so himself. However, though it be properly the genteel bastinado, it sometimes happens, when the corbage is not at hand, which is seldom the case, that a peasant, or one of the rabble is honored with it. I once accidentally was present at such a scene, and as it may serve as a specimen how the Mamelucks treat the common people, whom they regard no more than as many dogs, I will here relate the story. There was a market day, chiefly for butter and other provisions, at a village across the river opposite to Boulac, the harbor of Cairo, Embawbe. On such an occasion there is commonly a great crowd of people who wish to be ferried over and back again, which is an inducement for boatmen to come from a considerable distance, in order to earn a few paras (a bad silver coin worth about three farthings a piece). It so happened, that a Mameluck wanted to go to a village belonging to him, or rather to the house to which he belonged, which village was a good distance down the river;—when he came to the side of it where the boats lay, he espied a boatman from that very place, and immediately ordered him to take him there. The poor fellow, who thereby lost all his prospects of earning something for that day, made some excuse, and was not at first willing to obey his orders. The Mameluck instantly ordered him to be thrown down and beaten, which was quickly executed, close before my eyes, with the above described nabute; when they had given him the usual number of strokes, he seemed unable to stir, but they likewise did not let him, for they afterwards tied him up all in a lump with ropes, his knees to his breast, and the feet where they naturally fall in that posture, so they rolled him into his own boat, placed him next to the poop, and immediately went off, down the river; what became afterward of the poor man I know not, but who I afraid it did not end there. My male

frame was shook, and revolted at such flagrant injustice and brutal cruelty; and I could not enough wonder, that there were men so debased, as to bear it from one day to the other, and still to think themselves happier than all the world besides, particularly than the Europeans; for I have often heard them say, when they were quarreling together, "Are we in Malta, that we are treated thus?" But Mahomedanism teaches them to believe all comes from God; it is so decreed, and it cannot be altered. According to present appearances, it will be a long time before other principles can be instilled into them, except there should once be a man amongst them possessed with the necessary power and influence; with a more elevated genius and sense, such as Peter the Great was amongst the Russians, to make a thorough reformation; and still he would have to struggle with more difficulties, on account of the difference of the Mahomedan and Greek establishment. Otherwise it must be brought about by subjecting them to some more civilized nation, that by their examples, at least, the rising generation may imbibe a new set of ideas.

HE CUTS A FIGURE.

IT is the object of most people, at the present day, to *cut a figure* in some sphere of life. But when we consider the various methods which are pursued by mankind, for the attainment of this end, the unwearied diligence of many, and the anxiety of all, we are naturally led to enquire why so many fail of obtaining the object of their wishes, and form a *cypher* instead of a *figure*? To answer this enquiry, and likewise to afford instruction to those who are anxious to figure in the world, it may be useful to take a short review of some of the common figures, together with the infallible methods of making them.

A young man who wishes to *cut a figure*, attends in the first place to the important article of dress, which is too well understood to need a minute description. He takes the lead in every fashion, and is peculiarly careful to see that the toes of his shoes possess a proper breadth, and that his hair be conveniently distorted in every fantastical direction. He commits to memory a few

leading titles in politics. With this apparatus, assisted by a few latin phrases, he is enabled to raise interesting disputes, and make peremptory decisions on laws and government. He crowds himself into all companies; makes sleigh rides and tea parties; has at instant command the names of at least half a dozen contra dances; makes an extravagantly low bow; laughs with the ladies; quarrels with the fiddler; curses the entertainment, and lampoons the waiter—He spends one half of his evenings in making visits, and the other half at the gaming table, where he loses his last six-pence; runs into debt, and completes his *figure* by taking his flight for Canada between two days.

Some men, who are more advanced in years, endeavor to *cut a figure* by diminishing the reputation of others.—One of this stamp industriously circulates sly hints and half speeches respecting his neighbors; placing *their* characters in a disagreeable view, to exalt his own by the contrast. If preachers, physicians, or schoolmasters, fall under his displeasure, he considers himself at liberty to exercise all his artifices against them. He always joins with the ruling party, and courts the favor of the representative; attends church on Sundays, where he *bows down his head like a bull-rush*, with a countenance more distorted than Sancho's after a fit of the nightmare; and on week days passes his intervals at the tavern, with no matter what sort of company, and if he does not obtain the appointment of deacon, or justice of the peace, it is not because he does not *cut a figure*.

A schoolmaster is wanted, but money is scarce; at length the district hires one for five dollars a month; he enters the school, and licentiousness enters with him; he introduces a score of whips and as many evil habits among the scholars; sleeps half of his time, mauls two or three boys unmercifully, and is dismissed—when both the district and the schoolmaster *cut a figure*.

A new doctor arrives in town—he has studied with the famous doctor —, of —. He must be a man of skill; he rails at all others of the profession, magnifies every slight degree of ill health into some alarming disorder, then performs wonderful cures: diseases fly at his approach, and death himself, for a time, stands at an humble distance.

In short, he immediately gets into practice with three old maids, ten old women and their families, which he continues till one half of them are sent to the world of spirits—then seduces his landlord's daughter, and disappears.—And thus this bastard son of Esculapius *cuts his figure*.

A young lady, who has an agreeable person, possesses vivacity, with a tolerable share of good sense, is addressed by a modest young gentleman of merit, who is her equal in every respect—she receives him with civility, encourages his addresses, and at length promises him the favor of her hand. Then in comes some dashing beau, perhaps a young subaltern or attorney, to pay his respects to Miss—her attention is arrested—a cock'd hat, a sword, or a powdered coat—these are fine things, things which will *cut a figure*, they must not be neglected. So Mr. Honestus must take his leave of Miss—who, after enjoying the company of her new amoroso for a short time, is left in the lurch to people the world with an illegitimate offspring, and the remaining part of her days to *cut the figure* of an old maid.

BILL BOBSTAY.

CURIOUS BANK-NOTE.

THE following curious occurrence will amuse, and its authenticity may be relied on. A Bank of England note, value 20l. the property of the captain of a small sloop, bound for Cordigan, in South Wales, was lost, and he took much pains to have it advertised before he sailed on his voyage, but without success. The vessel arrived at the place of destination, and the cargo of coals was discharged, when lo! in the bottom of the vessel, and under all the coals was found, in about twenty pieces the identical bank-note, forming together with a number of other bits of paper, a mouse's nest. They were carefully collected together, fixed on a piece of paper, with gum and water, and dispatched to London for payment. The name *Abraham Newland*, the date, the signature, and the name of the entering clerk, could be made out with tolerable correctness.

MURDER!!!

[From a London Paper.]

THE following melancholy fact is related by a young Prussian who landed a few days ago at Hull, in his way to London, whither he had been sent by his parents for the purpose of attaining improvement in an eminent mercantile house in that city: Nearly two years since, a young lady, then resident in the neighborhood of Ravensburgh in Westphalia, the very evening prior to her intended marriage with the son of a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of the same district, suddenly disappeared from her family and home, and it was generally supposed had eloped with a rival of her destined spouse, he having absented himself the same evening. The disappointed and disconsolate lover, as may naturally be supposed, suffered severely in his health, and had nearly been thrown into a state of mental derangement; but time, aided by anxious care and solicitude of his friends, at length prevailed, and the young gentleman endeavored to bury in oblivion the supposed inconstancy of his mistress. One day, however, in the late summer, (1803), while he was diverting his melancholy with the amusement of hunting, his favorite dog accidentally came to a kind of hillock in a forest of Westphalia, where it set up a dreadful howling and barking, at the same time scratching violently among the earth, notwithstanding its master's utmost endeavors to draw it off, would not quit the spot. Alarmed at this uncommon incident, the gentleman procured the aid of some inhabitants of an adjacent village, and returned to the place where they found the sagacious animal still employed in scratching up the earth, and howling hideously. By the help of spades, &c. they quickly removed the soil; but the feeling mind will recoil at the recital of the shocking discovery then made: the youth stood petrified with speechless horror on beholding the mangled corpse of the woman he once loved most ardently, and whose loss he had long deeply deplored. We think it unnecessary to dwell too long on a subject so truly dreadful and melancholy; suffice it therefore for us to state, that a strong suspicion immediately attached to the fugitive rival, which was strengthened by the fact of his never having returned since the period of the fatal catastrophe. Every ex-

ertion was instantly made to discover his retreat, and he was at length traced to Paris; an application was in consequence made to the police of that city for his apprehension; but it seems a remorse of conscience had operated so powerfully upon him, as to induce the guilty wretch to enlist as a private soldier in a French regiment of the line, hoping, by that means, to bury himself in obscurity, and escape an ignominious punishment. We are sorry to add, that his hopes have not been disappointed; for the Chief Consul has hitherto resisted every application, and actually refused to surrender him to justice, alledging that the laws of France bound him to protect every individual that may seek an asylum in its territories.

SEDUCTION.

THE man who lays a snare to entrap innocence, however shielded by the specious names of gallantry or gaiety of disposition, is a fiend and a monster that should be shunned and detested by society.

View thyself seducer! Thou hast perhaps destroyed the fairest blossom of nature—planted the thorn of never ceasing woe, in the bosom of one who loved you—who trusted you; one who perhaps had formed the tenderest wishes for your welfare; one who prized life but as your happiness was centered in it; who tho't to have nam'd you by the most endearing of titles: expectation miserably disappointed! Unfortunate girl! the man whom you hoped one day to have called by the fond names of friend, husband, or protector, has proved your bitterest enemy—your cruel destroyer.

As the rose that blushes in the garden, if plucked by the hand of the wanton spoiler, is thrown under foot, neglected and forgotten. Alas! like unto it art thou, child of simplicity. Thy innocence has issued in thy ruin: and *he who once vowed eternal fidelity to thee, by him art thou forsaken and viewed only as an object of contempt.*

Yet wretch! how canst thou view thyself as her superior? From whence the guilt that sinks her below thy level? It was from loving and trusting you—this was her shame. Betrayed perhaps

through love, to a momentary weakness (which the better principles of her heart condemn) your labors are accomplished—you have conquered; but poor and despicable the exultation.

"Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
"Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang
"Shoots through the conscious heart—"

She knew of no disguise and suspected none. Now view the heart of the afflicted penitent! See the pangs which rend her struggling bosom! The thorn of anguish rankling at her heart, instead of innocence and cheerful gaiety—instead of that ease which arises from a knowledge of inward purity and worth, you see the conscious blush of shame warm her palid cheek—trembling lest there all night read her crime. Stung when alone by keen reflection, tortured by the pangs of neglected love and lost innocence—contemned by an unfeeling world, she dreads solitude, whilst the society of the virtuous is a constant reproach; and at length having fallen a prey to sensations too acute, either sinks into an untimely grave, or buries recollection in the commission of new crimes.

Canst thou then, despoiler, behold the unhappy victim of thy desires, sink into the cold arms of death, for relief from miseries of which thou art the cause? or see her plunge (by thee led to the brink) into the gulph of woe and infamy? Blush miscreant! whilst contemplating the deformity of thine own image; nor think the picture exaggerated, and abhor thyself.

PHEONINE.

Set thy face against Mount Seir.

AN honest farmer who reads the bible every Sunday (according to the custom of better times) came lately to his rector, and asked him, whether this war would go hard with the French. The Doctor said, if it pleased God he hoped it would. "Nay," said the farmer, "I'm sure it will then; for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. ver. 2. "Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir." Now my wife, who is a better scholar than I am, says this can be nothing but *Mon-nieur*, the Frenchman.—And in almost the next verse it is stronger, than that, for there the prophet adds, "O, Mount Seir I will make the desolate."

CURIOUS LAW-CASE.

IN the course of last week, the following curious, and to the party, not unimportant case, came before the magistrates of Greenock for their decision :

A poor woman stated to them, that she had taken her passage in the Tarbet Packet, bringing with her fifteen dozen eggs; the eggs she delivered to the master, who stowed them in the hold; but unfortunately one of the passengers had a birth assigned to him in their immediate neighborhood; and, although it may seem incredible, there is no doubt of the fact, in the course of the passage, which, lasted only 18 hours, he eat no less than nine dozen of the poor woman's eggs. The passenger did not deny the fact, yet the woman complained not of him, but the master, who she insisted, had been guilty of misconduct, in allowing such a passenger, (a ravenous hog) a birth in the hold. After hearing the parties at great length, the magistrate decreed the master to pay the poor woman for her eggs, but reserved to him his claim of relief against the hog. Here, however, another question no less difficult occurred: namely, whether the woman was entitled to receive for her eggs the market price at Greenock, or only the prime cost; and after hearing this point discussed at great length, the magistrates seemed to think, that the case, in so far as the hog was concerned, partook of the nature of a spulzie; and considering the master as answerable for the hog, they found the master liable for the market price. We are credibly informed that all parties acquiesced in their decision.

THE VENERABLE TORTOISE.

FEW have any idea of the surprising longevity of the land Tortoise (commonly called the land Turtle.) The following instance, however, which is well authenticated, will put this matter beyond a doubt. In the year 1747, one of these creatures was caught by a person in Massachusetts, who engraved on the under shell the figures 1747, together with the initials of his name. Fourteen years afterwards, it was found by a gentleman, about a mile from the spot where it was first taken, and marked W. S. 1760. About 30 years afterwards it was found a third time, in the same

vicinity, and being brought to the gentleman last mentioned, he renewed his mark, adding "September 1790." This venerable animal was again set at liberty for another tour. It is observable, that he appeared the same size as when first taken, 44 years before: and as long life is generally preceded by slow growth, in both the animal and vegetable world, it was concluded he had been an inhabitant of the state more than fifty years, having been both royalist and republican, and, in the worst of times, adhered to his country. The life of this animal may, probably, in time, be published, unless he should outlive all his contemporaries—in which case, he will have to trust to immortality to the industrious researches of the nineteenth century.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 9, 1804.

The office of the VISITOR is removed to No. 102, Water-street, opposite the CHRONICLE office.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 10—Mortification in the bowels 2—Accident 2—Fits 4—Relax—Typhus—Decay—Lingering disease—Breaking a blood vessel—Pneumonia—Worms—Sudden—Dissolution of blood—Small-pox—Phthisis pulmonalis—Drowned, *of each one.*

Of whom 18 were adults, and 12 children.

LONDON FASHIONS,
FOR APRIL.

The Moorish turban, with Etruscan band and Macaw plume, fastened over the left eye with diamonds, is now the *haut ton*, with the Egyptian robe, which fastens down the side with hieroglyphic border, richly embroidered in gold and silver, and made entirely of lace. The

pearl color Circassian dress is very beautiful, the hind part sloped in a peculiar way, and beautifully ornamented, tied round the waist with cords and tassels, the sleeves simply elegant, and to expose almost all the arm.

The morning dresses are also made in the Circassian style; long sleeves, and rather higher colored tunics for morning, with train petticoats; white lustrous have of late been much worn, and likely to continue so for the ensuing season, with colored crape draperies richly spangled, or *appliqued* with silver. For morning, pelisses and capot of light colored silk will be much worn. Spencers will also be worn till the weather changes. Chip and straw hats, with Macaw and other plume, orange blossom wreaths, &c. &c. are much admired. The Ulysses mantle is very fashionable. Morone Spanish hats, richly ornamented with silver and plumes of ostrich feathers: those of white with rich spangled veils of lace, forming a drapery with ostrich and birds of paradise plumes have also a charming effect with diamond bands and sprigs.—The Macedonian head-dress is very novel and whimsical, the turbans of Brussels lace, the crown also, which has the wearer's initials worked in the lace, and lined with lilac, is superb.—They are as high in price as a hundred and twenty guineas. For half dress, white frocks trimmed with lace, very short, and worn over sarsnet petticoats, are in great demand.

TORNADO.

The village of Flemington, in N. Jersey, was visited on the 22d ult. by a Tornado or Whirlwind, exceeding in violence any thing of the like nature within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. The day had been warm and sultry, and the sun several times obscured by intervening clouds, portending rain. About 5, P. M. a slight shower was experienced, an hour after which the western horizon was overspread by a thick cloud rising in the manner of a thunder gust. Before the cloud a column of thick vapor, very black, extending from the earth to the height of above forty feet, and advancing rapidly in the direction of Flemington, was discovered by several inhabitants. This column, according to the description of those who saw it, was in the form of a water-

spout, being expanded at the top—the vapor issuing from the mouth—rising and curling in—unfolding and closing, in the most violent and agitated manner. A deep heavy sound, accompanied the phenomenon resembling the noise of distant thunder and the roaring of mighty wind—The earth fairly trembled with its violence, and many apprehended an earthquake from the shaking of the houses, though at considerable distances from the vortex of the whirlwind—An universal dread of consequences the most disastrous seized the minds of the inhabitants—and the stoutest heart was appalled by the awful scene that presented itself to the eye. Within the vortex of the wind a total darkness pervaded, and those involved in it could perceive no object at a distance. The Tornado passed thro' the centre of the village, taking in its course the dwelling house and other buildings of Mr. Alexander Bonnell, inkeeper, the barn of Dr. Geary, that of Judge Reading—the carriage-house, and barn of Mr. George C. Maxwell, and the back piazza and shed of Mr. Samuel Taylor, inn-keeper.—About fifteen minutes after the whirlwind, the thunder gust followed, attended with a strong gale of wind, which seemed to increase as the cloud rose. Many of the inhabitants sought refuge in the court-house, apprehensive of the violence of the wind; but no material damage was sustained from this storm in the vicinity, except the levelling of fences and the blowing down of trees.—This gust by accounts from a distance, appears to have been very extensive, and effected much damage to fences, forest trees, orchards, &c. A melancholy accident occurred in this storm a few miles south-west of Flemington.—The wife of Mr. John Bowers, in company with her two sisters, was caught out in the gust—they sought shelter under a tree from which they were driven by the apprehension of its falling, which was indeed the case; but before Mrs. Bowers could make her escape a limb struck her on the head and put a period to her existence. What renders this accident still more affecting, this unfortunate woman had been married but a few days before.

Suicide.—On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Alexander Lamb, keeper of the prison, put an end to his existence by shooting himself. This event is ascribed to embarrassed circumstances, by our informant.

M. Chron.



Married,

Mr. G. Alexander Noble, to Miss Ann Aymar, daughter to the late John Aymar, all of this city.

At Norfolk, Captain John West, Merchant of that place, to Miss Ann Cornick, daughter of Mr. D. Cornick, of Princess Anne county.

Last Thursday night, the knot was ty'd
Between John West and ANN, his bride:
O! may this pair, by hymen link'd,
Ne'er let the name become extinct;
But be it ev'ry year increas'd,
And spread the name from West to East.



Died,

On Saturday morning, after three days illness, John M^r Bain, sen. an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the 37th ult. Mrs. Ann Buchanan, wife of Mr. Andrew Buchanan, esq. of Baltimore, and second daughter of his excellency Thomas M^r Kean, Gov. of Pennsylvania.

On Monday evening, after a few days illness, Mrs. Lydia Waterbury, wife of Mr. Peter Waterbury, of this city.

On Sunday morning last, Miss Mary Sebring, eldest daughter of John Sebring, formerly a merchant in this city.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lily Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of the incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.
Price One Dollar.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

ANTHONY LA TOUR'S Register and Intelligence OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roe, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen;—Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeyman, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	Laborers, &c.
Apprentices,	House-keepers,
Farmers,	Wet Nurses,
Gardeners,	Dry Nurses,
Coachmen,	Seamstresses,
Footmen,	Chamber-Maids,
Cooks and } on board	Women cooks, &c.
Stewards }	Vessels,

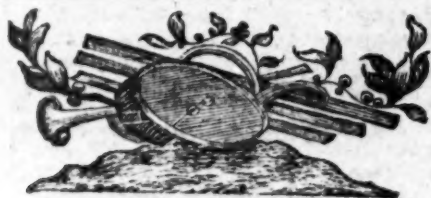
Theatre.

MR. HALLAM'S BENEFIT.

On Monday Evening, June 4.

Will be presented, a Comedy, called, the
TWELFTH NIGHT.

To which will be added, a Farce, called,
Don Quixote.



THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A TALE.

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school
Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule:
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—
All that he had to study still
Was, when a man was well or ill,
And how, if sick, he should be treated.

One morn he thus address'd his master:
"Dear Sir, my honor'd father bids me say,
If I could, now and then, a visit pay,
He thinks, with you,
To notice how you do,
My business I might learn a little faster.

"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;
"A better method he could scarce devise;
So Bob," (his pupil's name,) "It shall be so;
And, when I next pay visits you shall go."

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled,
With dire intent,
Away they went,
And now behold them at a patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say.

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd, and blink'd, and smelt again,
And briefly of his *corps* perform'd each motion:
Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant;
A kind of *Atque ready and Present*,
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd,
"Madam, your husband's danger's great;
And (what will never his complaint abate)
The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."
"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admir'd;
And home returning, of the sage enquir'd
How these same oysters came into his head?
"Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—
Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain:
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

So wise, by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
And to the self same sufferer paid his court—
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Return'd the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report:

"Why, Sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—
Zounds! such a maw I never came across!
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
For d——me if he has n't eat a horse!"

"A horse the elder man of physic cried.
As if he meant his pupil to deride—
"How came so wild a notion in your head?"
"How! think not in my duty I was idle;
Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw a saddle and a bridle!"

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

By ROGERS.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew,
Each fond enchantment of the soul is her's;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice,
And with a look the pencil could not trace
Smiles thro' her blushes and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears;
To thee she turns with surest tenderest claim;
Weakness that charms—reluctance that endears.

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh;
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires,
And on her lip the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play?
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend?
Soon shall they fly glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend.

Ah, soon thine own confest extatic thought!
That hand shall strew each flinty path with flow-
ers;
And those blue eyes, with modest lustre fraught
Glad the calm current of domestic hours!

EPIGRAM.

WHENE'ER you marry, to his son,
A prudent father said,
Take, for thy loving helpmate, one
Rich widow, or rich maid;
For any wife may turn out ill,
But, gad! the money never will!

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to
any that have been imported, as they are made after
the latest improvement, with upright Damper, and
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with
neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soli-
citing also the patronage of the public, informs, that
he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A
Tutress will attend in said School for the purpose of
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particular-
ly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 102, WATER-STREET,
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.